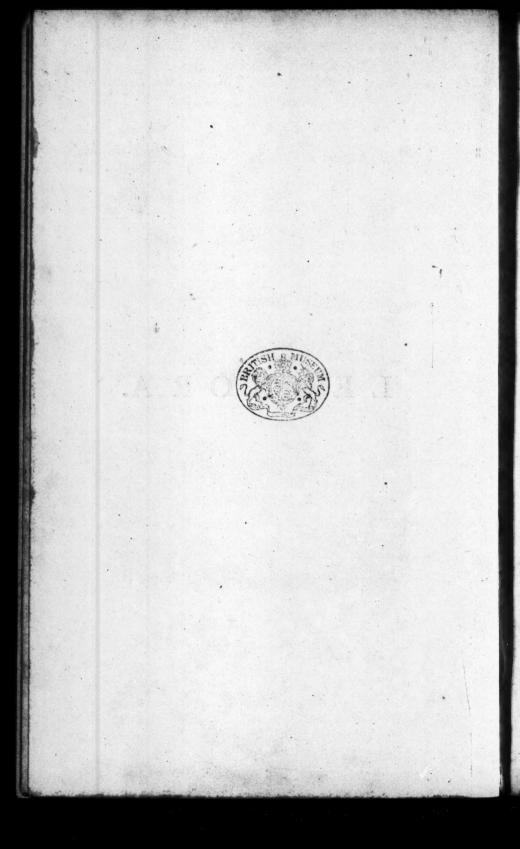
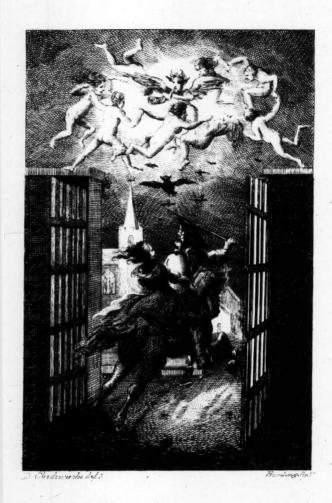
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LEONORA.





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LEONORA.

A TALE,

TRANSLATED FREELY FROM THE

GER MAD

O F

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BURGER.

K

BY J. T. STANLEY, ESQ. F. R. S.

- " Poetry hath Bubbles, as the water has :
- " And these are of them."-

Second Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, OLD BOND STREET.

MONOTE.

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PREFACE.

THE following little Poem was translated by a respectable friend of the publisher, who, being favoured with a perusal, was much pleased with its wild originality; and he has thought himself fortunate in obtaining permission to lay it before the public.

The German author, conscious, perhaps, of the latitude he gives his imagination, was willing to shield himself under that liberty which

which poets are allowed the privilege of poffeffing: for the parody of the words

- " The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
- " And these are of them"____

which is placed as a motto to the title-page, is to be found in a preface to a collection of his works, published by him in his own country:—Was it not for these bubbles, which nature, in her lavish mode, sometimes permits to iffue from the mind, poetry would be deprived of many of her most beautiful productions.

The Poem will be found, in many refpects, to have been altered from the original; but more particularly towards the conclusion, where the translator thinking the moral moral not sufficiently explained, has added feveral lines. The German poem concludes with a stanza, the literal meaning of which may be given in the following words:

Now in the moonshine, round and round,
Link'd hand in hand, the spirits sly;
And as they dance, in howling sound,
Have patience! patience! loud they cry.
Though rack'd with sorrow, be resign'd,
And not with God in Heaven contend:
May God unto thy soul be kind,
Thy earthly course is at an end.

But in order to shew more clearly what have been the variations, a few copies of the German text will be printed, which may be had, sewed up with the translation, by such as should be desirous of comparing the one with the other.

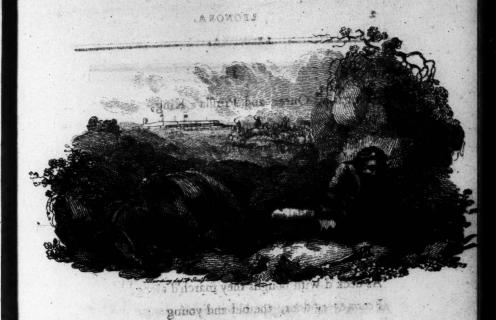
The

The fuccess of some late publications has proved that the wild and eccentric writings of the Germans are perused with pleasure by the English reader. "Leonora" is certainly not void of that fire and energy for which their authors are celebrated: It is therefore submitted to the perusal of the public, with the hope that it will not be less favourably received.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Old Bond Street, February 8, 1796.





LEONORA.

Special control of the second

L PERSONAL PROPERTY AND ADDRESS AS

I.

A S Leonora left her bed,
"William," she cried, "art false or dead!
"I dreamt thou'd ne'er return."
William had fought in Frederick's host,
At Prague. But what his fate—if lost
Or safe, she could not learn.

B

Hun-

II.

Hungaria's Queen and Prussia's King,
Wearied with their long bickering,
Resolv'd to end the strife:
Homewards then, their separate routs,
The armies took, with songs and shouts,
With cymbal, drum, and sife.

III.

As deck'd with boughs they march'd along,
From every door, the old and young
Rush'd forth the troops to greet:
Thank God! each child and parent cry'd,
And welcome, welcome, many a bride,
As friends, long parted, meet.

arora left iver bel

They joy'd. Poor Leonora griev'd:
No kifs she gave, no kifs receiv'd;
Of William none could tell.
She wrung her hands, and tore her hair;
Till left alone in deep despair,
Berest of sense, she fell.

Swift

V

Swift to her aid her mother came,

- " Ah! fay," she cried, " in Heaven's name,
 - " What means this frantic grief?"
- " Mother, 'tis past, all hopes are fled,
- " Heaven hath no pity-William's dead.
 - " My woe is past relief!"

VI.

- " Oh! mercy, mercy, Lord above,
- " My child, with prayers invoke his love,
 - " The Almighty never errs."
- " Oh! mother, mother, idle prate,
- " Can God be anxious for my fate,
 - " Who never heard my prayers?"

VII.

- " Forbear-forbear-in God believe,
- "The good he can, and will relieve:
 "To trust his power endeavour."
- " Oh! mother, mother, all is vain,
- " No trust can bring to life again,
 - " The past, is past for ever."

VIII.

- " My child, who knows, he yet furvives,
- "Perchance, far off from hence, he lives, and of hind and "And thinks no more of you send sail " yet life."
- " Forget, forget the faithless youth, ennounced W.
- " Away with grief, your forrow foothe, a cantoly
 - "For William provid untrue." in on mail me Heaven

66 My woe is past relief!"

.. Who never heard my prayers in

IX.

- " Mothery all hope has fled my mind,
- " The past is past : our God's unkind ; . com IdO "
 - " Why did he give me breath thing driw , blids yld "
- " Would that this hated loathfome light, mile ad I
- " Could fade for ever from my fight," some 140 "
 - " Come death, come, welcome death!" bod and "

X

- " Indulgent Father, fpare my child,
- " Her agony hath made her wild, -103d101-103d101
 - " She knows not what the does a cost and boost and the
- " Daughter, forget thy earthly love, and think a line
- " Look up to him who reigns above," and the ball to
 - " There joys fucceed to woes." and and and and

XI. VIX

- " Oh! mother, mother, Hell or Heaven, Isakwa as
- - "William was Heaven alone, "Is William welcome home
- " Fade from my eyes, thou hated light, Hi W 150(1 "
- "Descend, my soul, to endless night, voi tadW"
 - " For love and hope are flown." At might to late—you cor

XII.VX

- Thus rashly, Leonora strove areb vino adginhim 1A 33
- To doubt the truth of Heavenly love; from Frague
 - She wept, and beat her breaft:
- With all the stars, in silence shone, while W start I AA ...
 - And footh'd the world to reft.

XIII.

- When hark! without, what sudden found, we and to I to
- What trampling hears the on the ground? Note that will be near.
- He stops; he rings. Hark! as the noise
- Dies foft away, a well-known voice
 - Thus greets her listening ear.

" Awake!

ROUGE

XIV.

- " Awake! awake! arise, my dear.
- Can Leonora fleep? I'm here. contom 140 ...
 - " Is William welcome home?" (10 10 00W "
- " Dear William, thou!-return'd and well!
- "Mhat joy! But whence, and why, ah! tell, "

 "At night—fo late—you come?"
 "Hope are hope as for love as for love and hope are thought as for love and why, ah! tell, "

 "Hope and why, "

 "Hope and why,

XV.

- " At midnight only dare we roam;
- "For thee, from Prague, though late, I come."

 For me! Stay here, and reft.
- "The wild winds whiftle o'er the wafte,"
- " Ah! dearest William, why such haste? Yourg and
 - "First warm thee in my breast. It and the My And thouse the cost of the world the And And the world the world the the world the world the the world the worl

XVI.

- " Let the winds whiftle o'er the waste,
- " My duty bids me be in hafte:
 - " Quick, mount upon my fleed.
- " Let the winds whiftle far and wide,
- " Ere morn, an hundred leagues we'll ride,
 - " To reach our marriage bed."

" What !

XVII.

- "What! William; for a bridal room,
- "Travel this night fo far from home!"
 "Leonora, 'tis decreed.
- " Look round thee, love, the moon shines clear,
- " The dead ride swiftly; never fear,
 - " We'll reach our marriage bed."

XVIII.

- " Ah! William, whither would'ft thou speed,
- "What! where! this distant marriage bed?"
 "Leonora, no delay:
- "Tis far from here; still, cold, and small:
- " Six planks, no more, compose it all.
 - " Our guests await, away!"

XIX.

She lightly on the courser sprung,

And her white arms round William slung,

Like to a lily wreath:

In thund'ring gallop, off they slew,

While streams of fire their heels pursue,

And soon they pant for breath.

The

XX.

The objects fly on every fide,

The bridges thunder as they ride:

- " Art thou, my love, afraid?
- " Death fwiftly rides, the moon shines clear,
- " The dead doth Leonora fear?"
 - " Ah! no. Why name the dead?"

XXI.

Hark! as their rapid course they urge,

A passing bell, and solemn dirge;

Hoarse ravens join the strain:

They see a cossin and a bier,

While priests and mourners too, appear,

Slow moving o'er the plain.

XXII.

- I am carrying home a beauteous bride,"
 In voice imperious, William cried:
 - " Quick, priests, your service read;
- " And, mourners, chaunt a wedding fong,
- " For yet to-night we haste along,
 - " To reach our marriage bed."

The

Hither, ve air

But foon with harms

And dollard the

Not only Bew the

XXIII.

The dirges stopp'd, the priests obey'd:

As William bad, they sang and pray'd.

But on, with surious bound,

The breathless courser forward slew,

Fire and stones his heels pursue,

Like whirlwinds dash'd around.

XXIV.

On right and left, and left and right,

Trees, hills, and towns flew past their fight,

As on the courser prest.

- " With the bright moon, like death we speed;
- " Doth Leonora fear the dead?"

 " Ah! leave the dead at rest."

XXV.

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,

As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,

Join'd hand in hand, a crowd

Of imps and spectres hover nigh,

Or round a wasted wretch they fly,

When William calls aloud.

C

" Hither,

XXVI.

" Hither, ye airy rabble, come,

" And follow till I reach my home;

"We want a marriage dance."

As when the leaves on wither'd trees

Are rustled by an eddying breeze,

The muttering sprites advance.

XXVII.

But foon with hurried steps, the crew
Rush'd prattling on; for William stew,
Thundering o'er the ground,
Swift as a shaft, or as the wind,
While streams of fire he left behind,
And dash'd the stones around.

XXVIII.

Not only flew the landscape by;
The clouds and stars appear'd to fly.

"Thus over hills and heath

CONTRACT!

- "We ride like death: fay, lovely maid,
- " By moon-light dost thou fear the dead?"
 - " Ah! speak no more of death."

" The

XXIX.

- " The cock hath crow'd-Away! away!
- "The fand ebbs out: I fcent the day."
 - " On !-on! Away from here!
- " Soon must our destin'd course be run.
- The dead ride swift. Hurrah! 'tis done,
 - "The marriage bed is near."

XXX.

High-grated iron doors, in vain,

Barr'd their way: with loofen'd rein,

William urg'd the fteed.

He ftruck the bolts, they open flew,

A church-yard drear appear'd in view,

Their path was o'er the dead,

XXXI.

As, now half veil'd by clouds, the moon
With feebler ray, o'er objects shone,
Where tomb-stones faint appear;
A grave, new dug, arrests the pair,
William turn'd round, and class'd the fair,
"Our marriage bed is here."

C 2

0077 1

Scarce

XXXII.

Scarce had he spoke, when, dire to tell,
His slesh, like touchwood, from him sell;
His eyes forsook his head:
A skull and naked bones, alone,
Supply the place of William gone,
'Twas Death that clasp'd the maid.

XXXIII.

Wild, fnorting fire, the courfer rear'd,
As wrapp'd in fmoke, he disappear'd:
Poor Leonora fell.
The hideous spectres hover round,
Deep groans she hears from under ground,
And siends ascend from Hell.

XXXIV.

They dance, and cry in dreadful howl,

- " Ask Heaven for mercy on thy foul,
 - "Thy earthly course is done.
- " When mortals, rash and impious, dare
 "Contend with God, and court despair.
 - " We claim them as our own."

" Who

ian water indif

XXXV.

- " Who call on God, when press'd with grief,
- " Who trust his love for kind relief,
 - " Ally their hearts to his:
- " When Man will bear, and be refign'd,
- " God ever foothes his fuffering mind,
 - " And grants him future blifs."



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